

# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### Trust and Rest.

Fret not, poor soul, while doubt and fear  
Disturb thy breast;  
The plying angels who can see  
How vain thy wild regret must be,  
Say, trust and rest.

Plain not nor scheme; but calmly wait;  
His choice is best;  
While blind and erring is thy sight,  
His wisdom sees and judges right,  
So, trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might  
Can never wrest  
The meaneast thing to serve thy will;  
All power is His alone; be still—  
And trust and rest.

Desire not, self-love is strong  
Within thy breast;  
And yet He loves thee better still;  
So let Him do His loving will;  
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
Supreme confessed;  
His power is infinite, His love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—  
So trust and rest.

## STORY TELLER.

### AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

The hot rays of the July sun came down with uncomfortable intensity upon the glaring white sand of the beach, as a somewhat flashily attired young man shielded himself with an umbrella, and watched the more active specimens of humanity disporting themselves in the brine, which was tossed rather tumultuously by a strong southerly breeze.

"By gracious!" he muttered at length: "That girl in the blue bathing-suit had better be a little more careful; she'll get beyond her depth."

And he took a few steps nearer to the bathers—mostly females, none of whom, at a little distance from the rest, seemed decidedly venturesome, the receding waves forming a dangerous undertow.

"There!—I thought so!" he cried, flinging away his umbrella and dashing across a narrow strip of sand, as a cry of alarm rose up from the water and a blue clad form disappeared from sight, drawn under by the backward rush of waves.

He met the next incoming wave but succeeded in getting beyond it, as a white face appeared in sight and a pair of plump arms were held despairingly toward him.

He was a strong swimmer, and in spite of his clothing, which impeded him somewhat, managed to reach and grasp the imperilled maiden ere the saline waters again closed over her.

His heart throbbed, as her arms clutched about his neck, and it seemed altogether probable that they would perish together; but he broke from her clinging grasp, in a measure, and battled manfully with the turbulent element so successfully that the next breaker landed him, breathless and exhausted, upon the beach—in a safe position if not a graceful one.

"You should keep within the protection of the life-lines," enjoined the rescuer, as he assisted the half-strangled damsel to her feet.

And a moment after she disappeared in a bathing house, leaving him to cast rueful glances at his ruined clothing, and wonder who the pretty girl was whom he had saved.

And then he realized that he was bareheaded, his hat having disappeared in the hungry maw of the waters that rolled and tumbled as though seeking more substantial victims.

In an incredibly short of space of time the door of the little box opened again, and in place of the frantic, terror-stricken girl of a few moments before, he beheld a stylishly-dressed young lady, her brown eyes shining with smiles, tripping daintily towards him.

"I am exceedingly grateful," she said, in a clear, low voice, "and feel that I must apologize for being the source of so much inconvenience to you. I had not thought that the water had such power,"—and she drew up her pretty shoulders with a slight shiver as she gazed at the incoming waves.

"Oh—I—please don't mention it," stammered the young man, who was little used to ladies' society, bowing his hatless head and fumbling in his vest-pocket, from which he drew a piece of drenched pasteboard upon she could just decipher;

"P. Filmore, Boston, Mass."

I am from the Hub myself," she said, laughingly, her white teeth gleaming between her red lips; and her shapely hand drew forth a tiny card case, from which she abstracted

a dainty bit of enameled bristol board, bearing the legend:

"Miss Olive Orrington  
Ellington avenue, Boston."

The heart beneath Peter Filmore's saturated vest gave a quick throb as he glanced at the card and recognized the aristocratic locality in which she lived.

"I hope, Miss Orrington, you will receive no ill effects from your immersion."

And then he stopped confusedly, as a silvery laugh rippled from her full lips.

"Excuse me, but there is little danger of that, as I was already in the water; but I fear most disastrous consequences would have ensued but for your timely assistance. You are the one who have suffered," and she looked commiseratingly at his drenched attire and uncovered head.

"Never mind that," he said, picking up his umbrella, which had been rolling about on the sand. "I can shelter my defenseless head with this, and I have other hats at the house where I am stopping. Have you friends here?"

"Not any," she returned. "I am stopping at the hotel yonder."

"And I am boarding at a private house just over the hill," he answered, as she stopped and looked inquiringly at him, "and I consider myself very fortunate in making your acquaintance, even under such adverse circumstances."

"It was the most grand eloquent speech he had ever made, but he felt amply repaid by her bright smile with which she rewarded him, and as he sat in his boarding-house that evening, a nameless thrill pervaded his being to which he had heretofore been a stranger.

It had been the custom of Peter Filmore for a number of years past to throw aside the duties of life once in twelve months, and for a few weeks at least to be a gentleman of leisure. His occupation was the hard and rather unromantic one of blacksmith and carriage ironer, but he possessed a soul above that of a common Vulcan, and when the summer days grew warm and balmy, the leather apron was cast aside, and behold the grub was a butterfly. The savings of a year were generally consumed in these annual recreations, and when they terminated he would go penniless back to the shop and patiently smite the glowing iron and await the next respite from slavery.

But that night a new impulse was creeping into his brain, and another more commendable had found lodgment in his heart. The latter feeling was admiration for the fair young girl he had rescued, and it warmed and glowed and lighted up his honest, not handsome face, as he thought of her smiling graciousness and apparent obliviousness to the fact that he was only a hard-handed son of toil. And his thought only helped to augment the other, for something seemed to be whispering to him that if he could win the heart of this confiding maiden, he might thereby lift himself above the necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

All through the night these thoughts haunted him, and visions of plump white arms, a fair, frightened face, framed in the water of an angry sea, a dainty, trim maiden, with dewy lips and a mischievous glint in the bright eyes, thronged in upon his fitful slumbers, and the next afternoon he dressed himself in his other best suit, for his wardrobe was not exceedingly ample, and strolled down upon the beach.

Miss Orrington was there, and greeted him with childlike frankness. "I have been looking for you," she said naively, and she gave him her hand, and poor Peter was vanquished completely as the strong, yet gentle, clasp of her fingers closed on his.

"I shall not venture into the water to-day," said the lady, as they sauntered along the sand and watched the antics of bathers. "My nerves were a trifle unstrung yesterday."

She did not look in the least disturbed, and when they parted Peter Filmore felt that he was a doomed man, for he well knew that, under ordinary circumstances, his case was as hopeless as it could well be. How gracious, and sweet and smiling she was, and how different a creature a city belle was from what he had imagined! Her laugh had such a wholesome, hearty ring in it, and she was so unaffected in her manner, while in years she could scarcely have exceeded her twentieth.

Again that night he sat as he did the evening before and wrestled with

himself. At one moment her evident pleasure in his company lifted him to the highest pinnacle of happiness, and then he would be plunged into the deepest abyss of misery as a dingy blacksmith shop, with its glowing forge and heavy drudgery rose up before him and seemed to stand between him and the smiling object of his newly awakened adoration.

The place where he had met his fate was a rather secluded seaside resort in eastern New England, and as he joined in the company of Miss Orrington day after day, he determined to win her if possible, let the consequences be what they would.

He had developed of late a wonderful liking for feminine society, and surprised himself at the ease with which he glided into the ways of the hitherto charmed circle; for though he was an entire novice in such matters, he was fairly well read and above the average of intelligence.

So one evening late in July, as the sea lay like a huge mirror in the soft radiance of the silver moonlight, he dropped the oars which he had been plying with unusual vigor, and allowed the boat to drift over the glassy surface, unruffled by the slightest symptoms of a breeze.

His companion was looking dreamingly toward the shore, from which strains of music and sounds of laughter floated like echoes from fairyland. "Isn't this delicious," said Miss Orrington, turning her radiant face toward him. "It seems as though I could live out my life in such a state of beatitude as this."

A strong hand seemed to grasp the throat of the young man. "It is heaven on earth," he answered, in a low, almost hoarse tone.

The strange tone of his voice startled her.

"Are you sick?" she said, reaching her hand toward him from the seat in the stern of the little boat. "Your voice seems to sound so strangely."

"No; I am very well indeed," he returned, with an effort, "but I was thinking how soon these pleasant days must end."

The oppressed feeling came suddenly upon her, and her rosy cheek paled in the moonlight.

"I had never thought of that," she faltered. "It seems as though we had known each other for a lifetime."

And the look on his face made him forget everything; and, at the risk of capsizing the frail craft, he threw himself on his knees before her, and clasped her hand, which the devoured with kisses; while the stern of the boat sank deep in the tranquil water, which splashed in over the side, and brought him to his sense somewhat.

"Don't you know how much I have loved you, Miss Orrington?" he whispered passionately, as though fearful that prying ears might hear him, spite of the seclusion of the waters, and her low answer assured him that his passion was returned.

And hour after hour passed heedlessly by and the moon cast many an admonishing glance backward at them as she retired to rest behind the hill tops, ere they realized the lateness of the hour, and the happy Peter, who envied not the angels, once more seized the oars and pulled his precious freight shoreward.

But the reaction came as soon as he once more sought his pillow, and he moaned in agony as he thought of the cruel gulf that lay between himself and the girl whom he worshipped; for the thoughts of bettering himself by the alliance had all given place to the one idea of possessing her.

One device and another was hit upon and thrown aside as impracticable, and when morning came he seemed no nearer to a solution than before; but during the day, he conjured up a pathway out of the dilemma which, though not honorable, he felt assured would at least bring matters to a crisis.

That evening he told her a story of how his parents were set upon his marrying a girl for whom he had never entertained the slightest affection, and then, as his well-nigh hopeless love added fervor to his words, he urged her to marry him immediately, so that this question might be settled beyond dispute; and the girl, who was trembling with emotion to his infinite delight consented.

Their arrangements were of the simplest character, and twenty-four hours afterward the guests assembled in the hotel parlor to witness the impromptu marriage, though all day long a horror of what he was doing had been creeping over Peter Filmore, chilling his heart and paling his usually ruddy cheek.

And now, as the hour drew near and he went to meet the guileless, confiding

girl, he felt more like a condemned felon going to his execution, than a prospective bridegroom.

Miss Orrington met him with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks, and her hand trembled as she placed it in his.

His eyes devoured her hungrily. He noted her dimpled shoulders that gleamed like ivory above the dainty muslin dress she wore, with the knots of flowers and simple adornments that so enhanced her beauty, for no jewels shone upon her fair person; and then at the last moment, his manhood asserted itself, and he begged for a moment's private conversation with her.

A look of horror gleamed in the brown eyes of the girl as they stood alone in the side room. She seemed almost fainting, and grasped a chair for support as he leaned towards her, with set lips and the impress of death upon his face.

"Miss Orrington, I cannot marry you," came from his pallid lips, low, yet distinct, and then he stopped, while the deceived girl sank into the chair and sobbed piteously.

"I would have made you a good wife," she moaned, as Peter gasped for breath.

"But I am only a blacksmith, and have nothing but my trade to depend upon. It would take nearly my last dollar to pay the clergyman," he said, at length, pausing before the weeping girl, "and I cannot wed one so far above me."

Miss Orrington sprang to her feet and bounded forward. Her arms were about his neck, her tear-bedecked face was pressed to his, while the words she uttered seemed to come from the depths of the tender girl's heart.

"Oh, Peter, Peter! I am so glad! I am nothing but a ladies' maid, and I thought I would try to do this summer as my mistress does; but if we love each other, what do we care for money? I thought you were going to cast me off because of my poverty!"

Never a happier bridegroom than Peter Filmore led his blushing bride to the altar, albeit the guests had become somewhat impatient at the delay; and the honest blacksmith is as proud of his tidy home and pretty wife as ever was a prince of his gorgeous palace and bejeweled consort.

## Too Late.

It was a place where poverty had long made its home. By the fireless stove sat a man of rather powerful physique in a dejected attitude, his heavy, bleared eyes, fixed upon vacancy.

In one corner of the room, upon a mean bed, a little child lay, with pallid, want-pinned features, moaning, with closed eyes, at intervals.

"Water, water," she cried, faintly, and listlessly arose to her and placed a cup of water to her fever-parched lips. Her large eyes opened and fixed themselves upon his face.

"Father," she cried, as a shudder shook her frame, "father!"

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "Your mother's gone out to work. Do you want anything?"

"Want anything?" exclaimed the child, faintly, gazing about the nearly empty room; "want anything?" He caught her glance, and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"Want," she again moaned, turning her head wearily upon the pillow. "It's always been want for mother and me, ever since I can remember."

The man's fingers worked convulsively as he replied: "And for your poor, old father, too, Lena. Don't forget your father, who loves you so."

A smile broke over her face. "Love me?" and her little hand timidly sought his. "O father."

"Forgive me, Lena," he cried, "forgive me. I were drunk when I knocked you down, and did not know what I were doing."

"Drunk!" she said simply. "Yes."

He bowed his head, while the tears trickled down his intemperate face. She tried to lift her face to his, but a groan of agony broke from her lips.

"You are sufferin', Lena?" "My head, oh, my head," she moaned, stirring uneasily and disclosing a much discolored temple. "It bleeds inside, father, I think; but never mind," she added, marking his shame, "never mind. You never struck me, so hard before. I'll get well, though, and you know I—I saved mother, poor mother." Her eyes closed, and seemingly she slept.

The man resumed his place beside the stove, his chin dropped on his breast, and silence—only disturbed at intervals by a faint moan from the child—filled the room.

The afternoon waned, and the chill

of a November twilight presently shook the man's frame. Night had fallen when the door opened and a fragile, toil-worn woman, entered the room. It was the wife and mother. The child stirred, and smiled into the compassionate eyes above her. "Mother," she murmured, "dear mother."

"Did ye get your money?" eagerly inquired the man.

"Only part of it," said the weary woman. "Mrs. Brown always leaves something over, yet she had plenty of money. There are some cold scraps if you want them."

"I'm not hungry," said the shivering man, "but I want to get Lena an orange or two. She's been asking for 'em," he added in a low voice, turning his face from her sad eyes.

"I'm so tired," answered the wife, "and I can't trust you, John, to go. You'll not come back."

"Yes, I will; oh, yes, I will," he replied, eagerly, "and bring some wood for a fire. I'll have to watch by Lena while you sleep to-night, and it's very cold. I'm a changed man, wife—a changed man. No more want, no more drink, no more blows. I'll be a man!"

A look of hope filled her eyes. She had caught at the straws of his promises, oh, how many times, how many times! But his tone this night was so convincing, the sob in his throat, the tear in his eye, so unwonted, that despite the past with its broken promises and failures, a new hope, sweet and strange, thrilled her being. She gave him the few bits of silver. He stooped over the child as he turned to leave the room and pressed his lips to hers.

"Dear father," said the delighted child, "it's so long since you kissed me. Wake me up that way in the morning, and if I groan through the night, don't think of the blow, but kiss me, and I'll smile through the pain, perhaps."

His eyes were dry now, and so was his throat; no sob, no tear.

"Where's father?" cried the child, as the moments sped on.

"Gone to get you the oranges you wished, dear," was the answer.

"Oranges!" cried the child. O, how nice, but, mother, I didn't ask for oranges. We are too poor for that, little mother, too poor."

The wife's heart sank. "A lie," she muttered, "a lie built upon the sufferings of his child. Alas! he will not come back!"

Hours passed. Cold and colder grew the room. Shivering, the mother lay beside the child, the scanty covering over both. "I am ill, I fear," she murmured, "and there's such a pain at my heart."

Ever and anon the child groaned. The clock from an adjoining steeple struck one. "Has father come?" cried the little one opening her eyes.

"No! he will be here presently, though," wearily, answered the mother.

The clock struck three. "Has father come?" more faintly now the question.

"No, my child, no."

The white dawn of morning crept into the room. The mother slept; the little one ceased to groan. The sun lifts up his head and rose-red blushes the dawn. Smiling, the god of day arises and peeps into the attic window, creeps over the floor and shyly kisses the faces of the sleeping mother and child.

Eight o'clock rings out from the steeple.

"Father," suddenly cries the child, unclosing her heavy eyes, "come, kiss me good morning."

The mother made no response. Lena's eyes closed again. Nine from the steeple clock.

Hark! a heavy footfall upon the stars, a fumbling at the latch.

Father has come home.

"In bed yet," he mutters, angrily. "Here, get up," shaking the sleeping woman's shoulder; "get up, and make a fire. I'm cold."

His wife stirred not.

Waveringly, he makes his way to the chair beside the empty stove, droops his head upon his breast, then sinks into a drunken slumber. Noon passes. No movement breaks the silence. Twilight again ere the man raises his head. Dazedly, at first he gazes about him, then recollection sits enthroned.

"Lena," he cries, stooping over the quiet little figure, "Lena, father was too late to kiss you good morning, but he will to-morrow, indeed, he will. Your father is going to be a man."

Cold and rigid were the lips he touched with his. "Dead!" he cried, starting back, "dead! Wife, wife, wake up; see our Lena is dead."

The wife made no movement, and

in terror, he turned her face to his, that face whose lips were forever dumb, whose ears were forever closed to his frail promise; eyes to which his vain words had brought the last gleam of hope, closed in an eternal sleep.

His dead for years filled a pauper's grave, then, one day, a prosperous man stood beside a new mound in a beautiful cemetery. Upon the headstone was the simple inscription, "Hope Grey," "Our Lena."

A kneeling figure, chisel in hand, in hand, was adding a few letters—"Too Late."

"Yes," said the man, in anguished tones, falling upon his knees when the work was done, "for them it has come Too Late."—*New York Observer.*

## In Washington Street Cars.

Some of the funniest scenes of Washington life occur in the street cars, and the lines of society run so closely into each other that one must be very careful of his language. A remark about a noted person there made is sure to reach his ears, and the colored boy who sits next to you may be a servant of a justice of the supreme court, and the maid with the pretty child across the way may be employed by a society lady. Some of the greatest of our men ride in the street cars, and I have had companions such as Judge Waite, General Sheridan and Tom Reed. I have seen Stanley Matthews putting in nickels in a bobtail car and acting as conductor, and I have seen Speaker Carlisle give his seat to a weak looking colored girl. I have seen president's daughters hanging on to the strap for want of a seat, and I have seen southern generals stand while the car was filled with negroes sitting. I have ridden with ex-cabinet officers and have been jostled by some of the senatorial millionaires.—*Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.*

## A Famous Strong Man.

The famous strong man, Topham, of Islington, may be considered a fair illustration of those case of exceptional development of strength—without exceptional muscular development. Topham could take a pitchin poker and twist it round his neck in such a way that four or five strong men were unable to untwist it—a feat which he accomplished as readily as the twisting. He could squeeze a pewter pint pot flat in his hand, double up a crown piece with his fingers, and break a short piece of tobacco pipe by side pressure between his two fingers opened out in V shape. This last feat, as depending on the action of muscles very seldom trained to do any work, is specially remarkable; it serves to confirm the belief that Topham was able, as it were, to charge his muscles with an exceptional supply of nerve force. They were certainly not unusually developed, though, of course, they were above the average size.—*R. T. Procter.*

## The Shah of Persia.

The shah of Persia, who will probably visit Europe this year, has not gained much, it is said, from his previous visits, because of his Oriental conceit and his lack of the power to take a broad and comprehensive view of things coming under his observation. He is satisfied that the superior roads of European countries are due to the fact that these countries do not possess such hardy horses as Persia. Railways, he insists, should be built in Persia out of private capital, because they are thus constructed in countries so differently constituted as the United States. He has procured modern breech loading rifles for his army, but they are said to be rusting under lock and key because he could not endure that the pretty weapons should be handed over to the common soldier.

If tales told of him be true, he is much attached to his money chests, and is prone to make ambassadors from other courts help to fill them with fees exacted for every audience granted them. A love of caricature and appreciation of humor generally distinguish Nasr-ed-Deen. His answer to an objection that the imposition of a duty on foreign wines would involve severe and almost impossible watchfulness to prevent smuggling, is thus reported: "Put my uncle, Ardasher, near the frontier and he won't let a drop of foreign wine escape him."

The shah's visit is not necessarily a certainty when its date is arranged. Bad omens, such as the flight of a crow or an ill-timed sneeze, may cross his path and cause him to cancel or postpone his arrangements.—*New York Tribune.*

## Washington's Private Entertainments.

There is a fashion in edibles and drinks for private entertainments, just as there is in table decorations and the attire of the ladies receiving. Cheese straws and salted almonds, which charmed as a novelty when first introduced three or four years ago, still keep their places on refreshment tables at teas and other afternoon receptions, but the latest craze is for cafe frappe, of whose seductive, though icy sweetness, ladies and gentlemen partake in unlimited quantities on the coldest days, though large urns filled with smoking bouillon are usually at hand at the same time as the frozen coffee. Hot coffee is rarely seen on refreshment tables, though tea is never lacking, and chocolate is sometimes served. The "home goddess" pose has become very popular, one young lady pouring chocolate in her most becoming gown from a silver pot at one of a set of tables glaring with fine silver, glass and china, and fragrant with roses, while another opposite her, in equally enchanting attire, pours tea from a samovar of brass. Beside each fair one stands a vacant chair for gentlemen only, and so many a love affair begins.—*Washington Letter.*

## THE HUMAN EYE.

HOW THE EYE IS SWIFT AND WASHED.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little fluid, from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and it is afterward swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the under surface of the nose while the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose.

If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when you look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and thus save us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wished to view an object.

## Several Russian Enterprises.

It is very difficult in this country to awaken sufficient Russo-phobia, the prevailing English disease, to prevent our hearty sympathy with the enterprises of the colossal empire that is now civilizing Asia by a backward movement. The railroads that have opened Turkestan and all Central Asia to commerce, and made it safe for an honest man to visit those regions, are now to be followed by three great Russo-Chinese railways, connecting the two empires in such a way as to develop a trade and travel. It is impossible for the imagination to picture the result of this gift of modern enterprise to this oldest and largest continent, which has for so many ages been a mere home of thieves and bands of murderers. At the present rate, Asia will in thirty years more be entirely netted with railroads and telegraphs.—*Globe-Democrat.*

## The Age of Ship Canals.

This is the age of ship canals. Italy is proposing to cut a canal, navigable for large craft, across one of the narrowest parts of the peninsula—the isthmus, so to speak, of the boot. At present vessels trading between the Gulf of Santa Eufemia, on the western coast, and the Gulf of Squillacio, on the eastern coast, have to pass through the Strait of Messina—a considerable voyage, although the distance by land across the peninsula is not more than sixty miles.—*Home Journal.*

## NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend service in St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, on Sunday, May 20th, at 7:30 p.m. Dr. Galland will interpret.



NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1888.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE Kansas Star has a very excellent editorial, in its issue of May 10th, concerning the topic that has attracted the attention of deaf-mutes and others throughout the country—that is, the Indiana Institution. The Star says it is not the individual but the principle that was deprecated. The JOURNAL has maintained that point all along. The superintendent of the Indiana Institution impressed the editor of this paper as being an intelligent and courteous gentleman, who relied very largely upon the experience of his teachers, and who treated the deaf-mutes with consideration and kindness, and whatever may have been printed in the columns of the JOURNAL had for its aim not the demolition of the present management, but a reform in the policy of using the office as a political plum to be given by the party in power as a reward for party services. If Mr. Baker were sacrificed at the altar of "party" failure, and a new and ignorant man appointed in his stead, the JOURNAL would be the first to denounce the proceeding, for it is reasonable to suppose that a conscientious man could not possibly remain four years in the Superintendent's chair without gaining a certain amount of knowledge and experience that would make him more valuable to the cause of deaf-mute education than any new and inexperienced man could possibly be. The great desire of all friends of the deaf; is to have every educational institution in competent hands, and every class in charge of a competent teacher. It does not matter to those having the true interests of deaf-mutes at heart, whether the Superintendent be a Republican, Democrat or Prohibitionist; the main point—and the sole point—that is clamored for, is efficiency. The JOURNAL has no axe to grind, no grudge to satisfy, no sore-head to pacify, and whatever is for the benefit of the deaf of Indiana will be approved as earnestly as any abuse of their rights and privileges will be denounced.

A DEAF-MUTE of Silesia, a province of Germany, has distinguished himself in a novel and patriotic manner. All of our readers probably know that the Emperor of Germany is suffering with a fatal malady, which is generally supposed to be cancer of the throat. One of the methods often resorted to in order to check the progress of the dread disease is the elimination of the diseased part, which in this case comprises the entire larynx. An artificial larynx is substituted in such contingencies. A brilliant idea seems to have occurred to the deaf-mute, that by giving his own life he might save that of his sovereign. He thereupon wrote to Dr. Mackenzie, the physician in attendance, offering to allow him to cut out his larynx to be substituted for that of the German Emperor. His patriotic suggestion will not be carried out, as the doctor replied that it would neither benefit the royal sufferer nor the cause of medical science to perform such an operation.

THE terrible railroad accident that recently occurred at Los Angeles, Cal., would seem to be a warning to all deaf-mutes to keep clear of the railroad track. But we doubt if many will heed it. There have been so many similar tragedies in the past, that it is hardly possible this one will have more than a momentary influence upon deaf-mutes. They all imagine that the mistake made in special cases could never be made by them, and so one victim after another swells the already immense total of railroad fatalities. There is something especially sad about this accident. The man who was killed had reached an age when one would expect

more than ordinary care and watchfulness. Sixty years of life, and the experience attaching thereto, did not save him from a terrible death. In a strange land, building a home for his declining years and for his children to inherit after him, his life was ended in an instant through neglect of the oft-repeated warning: "Keep off the railroad track!"

## A Sympathetic Heart.

Old Mrs. Bently—I felt so sorry for a poor man to-day, Josiah. He told me that he had been deaf and dumb all his life, and I give him a dime.  
Old Bently—How could he be dumb and tell you that he was dumb?  
Old Mrs. Bently—Why, deary me Josiah Bently, I never thought o' that.—*The Epoch.*

## Wonderful Surgical Operation.

Dr. Sexton, a distinguished artist of New York, recently had a deaf person under treatment, who could not be helped by any method that had ever been tried before. He thought that the deafness was caused by the small bones of the inner ear having become fastened together into one solid piece, so that they could not work freely on each other. He therefore gave the patient ether, and cut open the drum of the ear, turning back the triangular flap thus formed. Then, with a delicate instrument which he had ordered made for this very operation, he cut the chain of tiny bones, and then put back into place the flap of the eardrum which had been cut out. When the patient recovered consciousness, he was able to hear perfectly. Dr. Sexton has since performed the operation successfully several times, but he has not, as yet, operated on a person who was born deaf. It is to be hoped that some person of this class will submit to this operation. Perhaps many deaf-mutes could regain their hearing in this way. At present, no one in the world can perform this operation, except Dr. Sexton, but if it is likely to be successful in a large number of cases, other surgeons will learn how to perform it.—*Trenton Times.*

## Misplaced Charity.

(From the Omaha Daily Bee.)  
OMAHA, April 28.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE Bee:—Last week a man was arrested in this city charged with soliciting charity under the pretense of being deaf and dumb. Such cases are quite common. Two others were recently arrested in eastern cities for the same offense. The public should be informed in regard to such characters. It is exceedingly rare that one really deaf and dumb in public, and out of every hundred of the beggars, peddlers, etc., who plead deafness as a cause for sympathy, ninety-nine are frauds. Besides imposing upon benevolent people, these impostors do great injury and harm to those really deaf, by placing them in a false light before the public. They come in contact with a great number of people, and many not acquainted with the deaf naturally think that the rest are like them, or at least form an unfavorable opinion of the deaf in general. There are in Omaha about twenty deaf persons, not one of whom is dependent on charity or friends, but all earn their own living by honest work.

It is a fact that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the deaf is not their inability to hear, but the wrong opinion which the public has in regard to them. They are just like other people in thought, feeling and every respect, save the ability to hear and speak. They do not mingle much with hearing people, because they do not like to put them to the trouble to learn the manual alphabet, which can be easily learned, and of which copies may be had at the leading book stores, so as to be able to speak to them when they meet them, they would do them a greater favor than anything else they could do.

The state provides an education for the deaf just as it does for hearing children. And with an education the deaf can and do take care of themselves, except under circumstances that would disable any one, such as prolonged sickness, etc., and then they will much rather ask their personal friends for assistance than solicit public aid.

O. HANSON.

## Intensely Intellectual.

I thought I detected a wicked gleam in Ben's eyes, but everything was done so quietly and Mrs. B., the lady to whom I was introduced, was such a quaint, charming, little woman, that I was completely off my guard.

Mrs. B. was dressed in a soft gray gown, similar to the Quaker sisters. About her shoulders was folded a delicate lawn neckerchief, and her hands were gloved with the finest lace. As she seated herself in one of the wide-armed chairs, and let her eyes wander over the expanse of ocean, her expression was sweet and dreamy.

"Do you like the ocean?" I at last ventured to enquire.

No answer. She must be deep in thought and does not hear me.

"Do you like the ocean?" I repeated, considerably louder. Still, she did not answer; a shadow seemed to pass for a moment over her sweet face.

How stupid of me, I thought; perhaps the sea recalls no pleasant remembrances.

Isn't this a magnificent day?" I next ventured, thinking the question surely conventional enough to deserve an answer. But the silence remained unbroken.

Well, this is rather queer, I repeated; perhaps she is intensely intellectual, and scorns such sorry platitudes as the weather. "What do you think of Von Hartmann's Philosophy of Disenchantment as an exponent of the more recent German thought?" I next queried. Still the awful silence.

Suddenly a light shone upon me.

Why, of course, the lady is a Quaker, and will reply only when addressed in her own peculiar dialect.

"Hast thou been in this locality long, friend?" Still the saintly eyes scanned the horizon, but never so much as a murmur in reply. The situation had become decidedly embarrassing. What should I do; leave her apparently absorbed in the universe? As I turned to go away, I heard my wicked friend convulsed with laughter.

"For once, we are quits," he said; "that poor woman is stone deaf, and even Gabriel's trumpet would likely fall to arouse in her, the least emotion."—*American Magazine.*

## ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. Charles E. Green expects to go Philadelphia on Decoration Day.

Mrs. Nancy B. Forbes, mother of Mrs. Henry A. Porter, died on the 8th inst. She was buried in Vermont.

The Evansville, Ind., *Journal* of May 10th, contains a wood cut and description of the school for deaf-mutes at that place.

Robert M. Patterson, who recently went to Rome, N. Y., on a brief visit, is again in Brooklyn as happy as a clam at high tide.

Uncle Jim O'Neill of Brooklyn, N. Y., is back in his old room at the Hamilton House this city, after a two months' vacation.

Rumor hath it that "Uncle" Jim O'Neill, of Brooklyn, is engaged to a young lady, who only a few years ago lost her hearing.

Judge Goldfoyle, a brother of Alexander, was elected a delegate from Sixth Assembly District of this city to the Democratic State Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly's boy baby has blossomed into a twenty-two pounder with blue eyes and a comical grin. He is getting to be too big a lump for his mother. This is from Brooklyn.

It is said that the St. Joseph's Institute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is now erecting a new building near St. Mary's Hospital. The buildings on Henry Street are too small to accommodate the pupils who apply for admission.

The Catholic Mutes of New York City and Brooklyn are to again tackle the Oakwood Baseball Club of St. Joseph's Institute, Westchester. For information as to date, etc., inquire of J. F. Donnelly, 86 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

During their short stay in Chattanooga, Tenn., Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mann enjoyed a drive over Mission Ridge, from which a fine view of Lookout Mountain was had. On this Ridge a hard battle was fought during the Civil War between Generals Grant and Bragg.

"Imperator" sends his warmest congratulations to his old chum, Henry W. Hagy, on his recent marriage. A letter says that Mr. Hagy and bride are comfortably located in Steelton, Pa. We gladly state that he has a steady situation and is doing successfully in his trade.

It is said that the father of Miss Katie Colligan, of Brooklyn, who is a large contractor, gave gratis over \$1500 worth of labor in trucking, etc., and \$700, cash toward the erection of the new parochial school building attached to the Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn N. Y.

Arthur H. Wells was surprised, Saturday evening, at his home by twelve of his mute friends, it being his birthday. They report a good time, and remembered him with some nice gifts. After supper they enjoyed themselves with games and other amusements and left for the city at a late hour.—*Springfield, Mass., Daily Union*, May 8.

The St. Joseph's Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., has at last settled the report of their late ball. The Committee gave their signatures to J. F. O'Neill, the chairman that his report was absolutely correct in every respect. But many individual accounts are still to be settled. One member is yet to hear from tickets to the amount of \$30.50, which are still in the hands of his mute friends.

Mr. Albert A. Barnes will lecture before the Brooklyn Society next Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., his subject being "Andrew Jackson." The society pays Mr. Barnes for his trouble, who, in turn, gives the money to the "Gallaudet Home." Will not the mutes of Brooklyn and elsewhere attend this lecture? It is possible, in the evening of June 27th, that a gentleman, who has been a journalist and is now a teacher in the highest institution for the deaf, will lecture before the Brooklyn Society.

In a certain quarter, there is much talk about a large crayon portrait of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet donated to the late Brooklyn Fair, by the wife of Mr. Chamberlain, assistant rector of St. Ann's Church. This picture was not sold, is in safe hands, and unless one hundred dollars or more can be obtained for it within a short time, it will be sent to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. If certain persons in New York want the picture, they can buy it for the sum mentioned above, if they are not willing to pay for it, they cannot have it.

While every institution in the country is seized with base-ball fever, the Lexington Avenue School, situated in the midst of a busy and crowded city, as it is, is not unaffected, and every fellow there is more or less of a base-ball crank. A match that will come off on May 30th, will be played between the graduates and present pupils of the school. Much speculation has been spent as to which side will likely carry off the honors, but the chances of both teams are about evenly balanced. Heavy batting will probably be the feature of the graduates, while the pupils will be more light-footed, hence their superior base-running. In short, like everything else, ability will be put to test against ability.

John L. Gage, a book-binder of Chicago, is a deaf-mute who is giving evidence in Judge Callin's court. The questions have to be written on a piece of paper, and Gage inscribes his answer in pencil. Then both are read by the court. Consequently slow progress is made in the trial. Emil Jung sues Gage to compel him to carry out a contract to convey him two lots for \$150 each. Gage swears that his name was forged to the contract, and claims that it was the result of a conspiracy to take advantage of his infirmities. He testified that the lots were worth \$1,200, and that he never made any agreement to sell them to Jung for \$300. He has a cross suit, asking to have the contracts annulled as a cloud on his title.—*From Chicago Times.*

Mrs. M. McFaul of North Tarrytown, presented her husband with a bouncing baby boy last March. Mike is the happiest man to be found in Tarrytown nowadays.

Since it does no good to coach Hoy, the deaf-mute, by words, Irwin has learned the sign language and he gives the Washington outfielder silent points with his fingers, much to the amusement of the crowd.—*Telegram*, May 9.

Frank Widaman, of Irwin, is a member of the Irwin Hygeia Club, and takes interest in athletic exercise since he joined it. At a recent meeting of the said club, he was appointed a director by acclamation. Upon its adjournment he resolved to set up the "Mike Shake" to his member friends, which he did and afterwards enjoyed a brief but pleasant chat. The club has at present thirty members and a good many other young gentlemen make applications for membership. The club is in a flourishing condition so far as can be judged. Its object is for the preservation of the health, and for the improvement of the mind and body. Moreover, they have a good reading room, where they can be furnished with books, newspapers, magazines, etc., and every means for the member's improvement. Mr. Widaman takes gymnastic exercise every morning before he goes to work, and does not deem it out of the way to state that his health is in a more trim condition than it was when he left school in Philadelphia or Washington City.

## Politicians As Principals.

THE *Optic* has been asked to say a word or two on this subject, or to be more precise, on the subject of the Indiana Institution.

It has always been our rule, and we see no reason for changing it, not to write on subjects of which we were ignorant, and we know nothing whatever about the management of the Indiana Institution, or of the education it gives to its pupils, except so much as may be learned from a rather hasty perusal of the official report, and various newspaper articles. It may be all its detractors say it is; or there may be a set of disappointed applicants for positions in it; or there may be something in both statements, or none in either. It would do neither the deaf children of Indiana nor those of Arkansas any good for us to know, and we have taken no pains to find out. The parties to this quarrel are having a very hot, and, to themselves, a very interesting fight, but we hardly think it becomes the *Optic* or any other institution paper to take sides.

As to the appointment of any man unfitted for the place to be the head of a school for the Deaf, whether through political influence or for any other reasons; the *Optic* endorses most heartily every word that ever been said against it by every one. We cannot find language too severe to apply to every one connected with such an appointment.

It is no easy task for any man to manage a hundred or more boys and girls, even when language offers no impediment to their intercourse. It is an awful responsibility to stand in the place of parents, pastor and teacher, even when carefully prepared for it. It demands talents of a high order and an unselfish interest in the work of education to be a good Principal.

We honor those men, and we know one or two such, who having accepted such a place on the representation that the duties were "Principally Executive," on finding out what a mistake had been made went to work, and it was hard, dry, tedious, long continued work, and prepared themselves for the position they were holding, feeling their own absolute unfitness as they were. But a thousand times more we honor the spirit that prompted an Eastern teacher of five years' experience who replied to the offer of a place as Principal—"I am unfit for it. I am only just beginning to appreciate the difficulties of teaching the Deaf."

For those who offer, as well as those who accept the office of Principal as if it were an unimportant but well paid clerkship, we quote the words of another, and say we consider it "an outrage and a crime both on the part of the appointing power and the appointed person," and we feel very sure that the almighty Father will deal out punishment to both fitting the offence:—"Vengeance is mine. I will repay; saith the Lord."—*Deaf-Mute Optic.*

## Died.

Mr. Franklin Howell, a deaf-mute aged sixty-eight years, died at his residence on High Street, Wednesday, of pneumonia. He leaves six children, two of whom are deaf-mutes. Mr. Howell was employed by the firm of B. D. & A. T. Norton for twenty-eight years. The funeral services took place today at 3:30 from the Baptist Church, the Rev. H. M. Lowry officiating. Interment took place in Cedar Hill.—*Port Jefferson Times.*

Mr. Franklin Howell was a shoemaker by trade, and was educated at the New York Institution, at Fifth Street. Among his old classmates were Mr. G. W. Ganage, formerly a teacher, and Mr. John Shotwell, who is still working at the Institution garden. His deaf children, Wallace F., and William L., were also educated at the same Institution. Wallace became a supervisor after he graduated, but resigned the position last year, and is at present a carpenter in Port Jefferson, L. I. William is a cooper, and is doing well.

## BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following named gentlemen will deliver lectures at the hall of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 23d, - - - Mr. Albert A. Barnes.  
June 13th, - - - Mr. Charles E. Green.  
Sept. 26th, - - - Mr. John Wilkinson.  
Oct. 24th, - - - Mr. William G. Jones.  
Dec. 25th, - - - John P. O'Brien.

The transaction of business by members, story-telling and lectures, takes place each week alternately. Admission, ten cents on each occasion.

Geo. L. REYNOLDS, Chairman,  
HENRY SPENGLER,  
SYLVANUS B. SMITH,  
Committee on Lectures and Debates.

## WANTED.

A STRONG girl for general housework. Must understand plain cooking. Call in or address immediately.

Mrs. WM. G. JONES,  
158th St., bet 10th and 11th Aves.  
New York.  
3-in.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## The New Laboratory.

## A FINE BUILDING.

## Other Topics.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

For a long time, the new laboratory building has remained in a half-finished condition, owing to a lack of the funds necessary to complete it, and the description of the building which we, long ago, promised our readers, has necessarily remained unwritten. The laboratory being now ready for occupancy, the junior class in chemistry will take possession of it on Monday, and it accordingly devolves upon us to fulfill the promise made so long ago, and describe the building. The new structure is an acquisition, of which every lover of the college may feel proud, and there is not a little pleasure in giving a description of a building which adds so much to the beauties of Kendall Green, and promises to be the means of enabling the college to widen its sphere of usefulness, and to offer to the deaf youth of the country advantages second to those offered by no other college.

The new building stands northeast of the college building, and north of the shop building, from which latter it is separated by the width of a road. The building is of a decidedly modern style of architecture, and its unusually numerous straight lines and massive porch give it an appearance of solidity and stability, which is relieved by the high sloping roof. The material is brick, with terra-cotta trimmings. The building is four stories high, including the basement and high attic. The entrance is on the west, on the basement floor. From the entrance hall open off all the rooms on that floor. On the right, there is a small room, which will be occupied by cupel and smelting furnaces for the reduction of ores in the work of assaying. The large room in the southeast corner will be occupied by a hot water and steam generator, burning gas, but it is intended that a large furnace and boiler shall be put in at an early period. The northeast room will be occupied by a steam engine and a dynamo, and it is possible that at some time, this dynamo can be utilized for lighting the whole college by electricity. The northwest room will be used as a lathe-room and machine shop, where the rudiments of iron working will be taught. The three last rooms are connected with each other by wide archways, and communication between one room and the other is easy. On the second floor is the laboratory proper. The room is large, and exceedingly well lighted, and has accommodations for from twelve to fifteen workers. The laboratory is carefully planned, and everything has been done to secure the health and comfort of the students. The floor is asphalt, and stone tables provided with hoods for the escape of noxious gases run along the sides of the room. There are six work tables, each furnished with two complete sets of chemicals. There is a large closet with hoods for the generation of poisonous gases, and in the southeast corner, there is a small room, in which is a fine and costly balance and a complete set of apparatus for volumetric analysis. The laboratory is furnished with the best of modern chemical apparatus, including a reducing furnace, a hot water generator, and a water bath. Although it does not possess any excessively costly or complicated apparatus, it is complete in every particular, and able to give as thorough instruction in the science as most laboratories in this country.

Opening out from the laboratory and occupying the entire north half of this floor is the chemical lecture room with a seating capacity of about thirty. The floor rises towards the rear by a series of circular steps, and in front in the lowest part of the room is the lecture table. This is furnished with all the apparatus necessary for the demonstration of chemical problems. On the walls are large plates. In the southwest corner, on this floor, is a small room to be used by the professor of chemistry as an office, and containing shelves for the laboratory library of chemical reference books, as well as for the extra supply of apparatus. The third floor of the building is as yet unoccupied, but we understand that the institution will establish a printing office there some time next year. The fourth, or attic floor, is large, light and airy, and we believe, will be occupied by a class in carving, composed of pupils of the Kendall School.

The new building is in every way a model one, and is as complete as experience and ingenuity can make it. It is almost fire proof, and built in the most substantial manner; the wood-work is oak finished in the natural grain; and the tables and closets are beautiful specimens of the skill of our carpenter, Mr. Bryant. The plumbing is the best of its kind, and especial attention has been paid to the sanitary arrangements of the building. The structure is as useful as it is beautiful, and every one is rejoicing at its completion.

The Kendalls played a game of base ball with the Le Droits of this city, last Wednesday. The game was a very interesting and exciting one up to the fifth inning, when the score stood 6 to 9 in favor of the Le Droits. The Kendalls then went to bat, and scored five runs, making the score 9

to 11 in their favor. A thunderstorm was approaching, when the Le Droits went to bat, and they used every artifice to prolong the game in the hope that the rain would put a stop to the game before the completion of the inning. The Kendalls were angry and indignant, and did their best to put their opponents out, but just as the last man went to bat, a few drops of rain began to fall, and the umpire, who was a brother of the captain of the Le Droits, declared the game ended. As the sixth even inning had not been played through, the game was decided by the score, as it stood at the end of the fifth even inning, and therefore given to the Le Droits. The Kendalls are not likely to forgive this little piece of sharp practice in a hurry.

At the meeting of the Literary Society last Friday evening, Prof. Hotchkiss delivered a lecture, his subject being Victor Hugo's "Napoleon le Petit." After giving a brief sketch of the rise and fall of the second Empire and the part which Hugo played in the politics of the time, the Professor gave a striking account of the book in which Hugo exposed Napoleon III. to the most scathing sarcasm and ridicule. A debate followed on the question: "Resolved, that free public lectures are better educators than free public libraries," between Messrs. Hagerty, '90, and Marsh, '91, on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Shuey, '90, and Wilson, '91, on the negative. The debate was rather exciting, and was given by the judges to the negative side. An amusing debate followed between Messrs. Beadell, '91, and Whildin, '92, and the exercises of the evening concluded with the declamation of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Mr. Leitner, '90.

## NOTES.

Dr. Gallaudet went to Hartford, last Wednesday, to remain some time. His daughter, Miss Grace Gallaudet, remains here.

Last Monday Mr. Hemphill, member of Congress from South Carolina, inspected the college with Dr. Gallaudet. He has been recently appointed by the House of Representatives as a member of the board of directors of this institution.

Prof. Chickering ran down to Hampton, Va., last Friday. His daughter, Miss Fanny Chickering, is a teacher in the Indian School there.

Lawn tennis is attracting considerable attention just now, and several students are practicing for the coming District tennis tournament, which will take place, by invitation of the Vesper Tennis Club of this college, on the Campus, on May 28th, 29th, and 30th. The Kendalls go to Annapolis, Saturday, May 19th, to play the nine of the Naval Academy. Efforts are being made to arrange a game with the St. John's College nine. Should these efforts prove successful, the Kendalls will play with the St. Johns in the morning, and the Cadets the same afternoon, and bring away two scalps instead of one.

The swimming pool has been filled with water, but so far the weather has not been quite warm enough to make a plunge into the icy water at all tempting. The pool will be open twice a week during May.

Mr. J. L. Unsworth, of Washington, has presented a rowing machine to the gymnasium. It is a patented contrivance, and much superior to the one used in the gymnasium for the last seven years. Mr. Unsworth has the thanks of the students.

The Seniors and Juniors have begun Rhetoric, and will recite to the end of the term.

Marr, '89, has sold his bicycle, and left the ranks of the bicyclists for good.

VAN.

May 14, 1888.

## Helping the Gallaudet Home.

DEAR EDITOR:—April gives a record favorable for the cause of the Gallaudet Home. The Brooklyn Fair was every way a success and a great credit to the ladies who managed it, considering the fact that they had only two months to work it up. We cannot too much praise Mrs. Henry L. Juhring and her sister for their heroic and enthusiastic endeavors to ensure its success financially. They had excellent co-workers such as Mrs. Keitt, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Smith, the Misses Taylor, Emanuel, Henry, Austin and others. It is sad to announce that Mrs. Smith, one of the patronesses of the Fair, has gone to her long home never more to come back among us. With her amiable daughter, she did a good deal at the fair, notwithstanding she was in poor health. A good-sized box of goods, especially groceries, which were donated by a brother of Mrs. Juhring to the fair for sale, and left over after, was sent to the Home to make the inmates happy and comfortable. Mr. Henry L. Juhring deserves great credit for putting up the fair in good trim on its opening.

Mr. Geo. L. Reynolds was a very valuable secretary to Mrs. Juhring, the manager; he was very active giving a notice to the leading newspapers of the Fair and also writing stirring articles repeatedly in the JOURNAL to further promote the interest of deaf-mutes in the Fair in aid of their aged and feeble brethren. These ladies and gentlemen have the warmest thanks of the Executive Committee of the Society for their great service. They desire to express their sincerest appreciation of their "country cousins," who so generously sent useful donations to the Fair, and earnestly hope that they will hereafter remember the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes in that way every time when a fair is gotten up for their benefit, inasmuch as the

Home has received several inmates from their neighborhood; and moreover they should contribute their yearly dollar mite to the fund of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes Society. Since its organization, this society has received over \$3,000 from the residents of New York and Brooklyn alone, while our "country cousins" have contributed only five hundred dollars for the same object. Prof. W. G. Jones gave a very dramatic and thrilling reading on Shakespeare's great tragedy, "The Kings of Bohemia and Sicily," on the 26th of April. The audience was thoroughly fascinated, and declared that they would stay all night to hear its repeated over again. They emphatically said, "What a pity it was for those who forgot to come and avail themselves of this opportunity greatly missed such a grand treat."

The scheme of getting up the second Gallaudet Home Excursion has at last become a fact. It takes place on the 3d of July, and its rendezvous will be Cold Spring Grove, L. I., a very beautiful resort for picnics. The committee will try to the best of their ability to make it a most enjoyable trip. These gentlemen are respectable and trustworthy. Let them be encouraged and get aid from all parties who are interested in the worthy cause of the Home. All they want is that every mite should "put his shoulder to the wheel" in an endeavor to bring the excursion to a profitable basis. Excursion tickets are out for sale. Let them sell like hot cakes.

It is expected that Dr. Peet will give a lecture in the Guild Room on Thursday, May 31st, in aid of the Home. He has been always reputed to be the most eloquent lecturer that Old Fanwood ever boasted of. Whatsoever he selects for his subject, is invariably interesting and instructive. Let his former pupils come in a great crowd, so as to appreciate the service to which he has devoted all his life for the cause of the Deaf-Mute.

It will give the patrons of the Home great pleasure to learn that Master George E. August, a pupil at the Institution for Instruction of Articulation on Lexington Avenue, made a very handsome collection of subscriptions in April last, amounting to fifty-seven dollars, for the benefit of the aged and feeble people. This is his second annual collection. Would that there were a score of little Georges like him!

A statement of subscriptions and donations is presented below:

SUBSCRIPTION.	
Miss L. A. Hodder, Gloversville, N. Y.,	1 00
"Lizzie Brink, New York,	1 00
Wm. J. Nelson, Poughkeepsie,	2 00
Thos. Godfrey, Brooklyn,	1 00
Mrs. Wilhelmina Buhle, New York,	1 00
Jas. S. Wells, Baltimore, Md.,	1 00
The deaf-mutes of "	4 00
Albert A. Barnes, New York,	1 00
Simon August,	1 00
Mrs. H. August,	1 00
Mr. G. August,	1 00
"H. August,	1 00
Miss B. August,	1 00
Mr. C. L. Bernheim and family,	5 00
H. Bernheim,	1 00
Mrs. H. Bernheim,	1 00
Miss B. Bernheim,	1 00
Elias H. Bernheim,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Binge,	2 00
M. J. Binge,	1 00
J. Bernheim,	2 00
Ike J. Bernheim,	1 00
Mrs. S. Bing,	1 00
M. Hellman,	1 00
N. Hellman,	1 00
F. Ehrman,	1 00
Mrs. K. Kalmweiler,	1 00
Felix N. Simonson,	2 00
Mrs. C. Minzie,	1 00
E. Rosenwald,	1 00
I. Rosenwald,	1 00
M. Gutman,	1 00
M. J. Lissanet,	1 00
W. Hiscox,	1 00
P. Gomprecht,	2 00
S. Mayer,	1 00
Lillian Herman,	1 00
Miss J. Hanzer,	1 00
Mrs. Elias,	1 00
F. L. Bauer,	1 00
G. Cohn,	1 00
S. Hyman,	1 00
D. Welle,	1 00
M. Josephthal,	2 00
Mrs. Winneheimer,	1 00
Dr. R. G. Weiner,	1 00
Dr. A. Wenier,	1 00
F. Kustzman,	1 00
C. Stembach,	2 00
Mr. Weixelbaum,	1 00
Mr. Seuffer,	1 00
M. S. Hyman,	1 00
A. H. Hjulbm,	1 00







# FANWOOD.

## The Silents defeat the Sailors.

### SMALL TALK.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The sailors from the United States training school ship, "Minnesota," came up here to play ball with the "Silents" last Wednesday afternoon, and the Silents sent them back to whence they came minus a dead ball and the honors of the ball field.

The sailors of the Minnesota were piloted to the Institution by Andrew McDonald, who has a brother that is one of the mates of the same ship. They wore their ship uniforms, and the contrast between both nines were odd. They are a jolly set of "tars," and jostled one another good humoredly and appeared on very friendly terms with our boys, who looked for their coming with much anxiety and treated them well.

Manager Fox was ready with his men, and it was not long before the game got in good working order, and the nimble legs of the Silents were piling up runs in their usual easy style.

The umpire, it must not be forgotten, was Mr. Quinn, formerly of the National League Club. He had much to admire in our battery and spoke in high praise of Gately's pitching, and was surprised that he was only seventeen years old—something extraordinary for a young ball player. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the game, among whom were some ladies and a number of deaf-mutes from the city, Messrs. Douglas Tilden and Albert Ballin being among them. Below is the score:

SILENTS.	R	BH	PO	A	E
McVea, 2b.,	4	3	2	1	0
Gately, p.,	2	3	1	20	2
Quinn, c.,	3	3	17	5	1
McConnell, 1b.,	0	1	5	0	0
Hanneman, 2b.,	2	3	1	1	0
Koffler, ss.,	1	2	1	4	0
Mitchell, 1r.,	1	1	0	0	0
Kiesewetter, lf.,	1	2	0	0	1
Broad, cf.,	1	1	0	0	0
	15	18	27	31	4
MINNESOTA.	R	BH	PO	A	E
Montgomery, 3b.,	0	1	2	0	4
Hoagland, 2b.,	1	0	1	1	1
Moody, cf.,	1	2	1	0	1
Ludwig, p.,	0	2	2	7	0
Wider, 1r.,	0	0	1	0	1
Volkwein, ss.,	0	1	0	3	4
Butler, 1r.,	1	0	0	0	0
Shaw, c.,	1	0	5	4	0
Armstrong, 1b.,	0	0	15	0	1
	4	5	27	15	14
	1	3	4	5	6
Silents	5	3	1	0	2
Minnesota	0	0	1	0	1

Earned runs—Silents, 7; Minnesota, 1. Two base hits—McVea, Gately, Shaw, Armstrong; Double plays—Hanneman to McConnell; Hoagland to Armstrong; First base on balls—McVea, Volkwein, Shaw; Struck out by Gately, 13; by Ludwig, 8; Umpire—Mr. Quinn, formerly of the National League Club. Time of game—one hour and forty-five minutes.

Among the visitors that came up with the Sailors was Dr. Kinney, formerly supervisor of the boys of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, but at present connected with the Minnesota.

Prof. Mann was present with his Camera, and took two instantaneous negatives of the Clubs in playing position and after the game, both clubs in group.

Hiram Brown, of Framingham, Mass., made a couple of brief calls here last week. He is going to live in this city hereafter.

Tickets to the excursion in aid of the Gallaudet Home are selling like hot cakes. The pupils, one and all, whose homes are not far off, are anxious to attend.

President Fox entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association with a very interesting story last Saturday evening, and also gave the news of the week.

James H. Caton, our blind deaf-mute graduate, came down and remained several days with the sole purpose of "witnessing" the Annual May Exhibition. James had just come from a visit to the Gallaudet Home, and speaks well of his treatment there by Manager Thomson and the rest. He has been quite happy at home fixing up the back yard of his father's house.

Johnny Ingebrand was elected to the office of assistant librarian of the Episcopal Church in the vicinity of where he lives, last Sunday.

The sixty-ninth annual report of the institution has left the printer, and is now in the binder's hands. They will be ready for distribution in about a week.

At the theatrical entertainment on Washington Heights last Friday evening, Messrs. Walter and George Peet were among the actors. They performed the most laughable parts.

AQUILA.

## CHRISTIAN UNITY AND THE DEAF.

In view of the sentiment steadily gaining ground among the denominations in favor of organic union instead of multiplied divisions, it may be well at this moment to seriously consider the subject in its relation to the deaf. Its great importance can not be denied.

That many earnest Christians have grown weary and ashamed of division, and are trying to find a way out of the evils which it has led to, is plainly apparent from the discussions of "evangelical alliances," inter-denominational congresses, the pulpit, and religious press.

One of the evils of a divided Christianity is very tersely stated in the following words of a missionary in

China: "The lack of unity is what hinders the conversion of the heathen." The following question: "Do you recognize the desirability and importance of organic Church Unity?"—addressed to Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist and other ministers,—has elicited from them the following summarized answer: "We all agree in wishing for this same blessing of unity; we see the evils of our unhappy divisions. We have all passed the stage of believing that division is an advantage. We see that it is the great difficulty in the way, especially of the missionary work of Christendom."

Since good and intelligent Christians most plainly are seeking a way out of the evils of dis-unity, is there not in this a hint to the deaf to avoid drifting into the same condition of things, out of which, in a few years, they, too, may be seeking a way?

If the small number of the deaf is cited as an argument against dividing them on religious questions, a good point is certainly presented. They are a small handful everywhere. In a large city they form a single congregation, numbering from ten to fifty persons. Thoughtful people will ask: "What good is to be gained by dividing this congregation into many small ones?" According to reliable statistics, there are in these United States not less than forty different religious bodies!

The needlessness of division is seen from and their standpoint. The main, or essential, doctrines of Christianity are held by all true Christians. The divisions which exist are based upon non-essentials. It ought to be easily seen that no vital principle of Christianity would be sacrificed by all coming together in organic unity.

In the present divided state of Christendom, instead of the "faith which was once (for all) delivered to the Saints" (Jude, 3d verse), is heard diversity of teaching, bewildering to the seeker after the Truth. The Lord's body—the Church—being rent, God is not glorified with "one mind and one mouth" (Romans, 15:6). Professors of Christianity are not all united on the "one faith," although they claim to worship and praise the "One Lord," (Ephesians, 4:5).

In place of the loving and hearty cooperation, which our Lord and Saviour expects to prevail among Christians, are seen rivalrous contentions, jealousies, and questionable methods of promoting growth in numbers and means. These evils are more marked in some communities, where the congregations are weak and struggling. What keeps these divided Christians from uniting and thus becoming strong?

This leads us to a consideration of the expensiveness of division. In the case of the deaf the expense would be far out of proportion to the number ministered unto. Thus the cost of providing religious services would be thirty or forty times greater than if the work was carried on by but one church.

But there are higher grounds for Christian unity than those based upon the practical evils of dis-unity. Turning to the seventeenth chapter of St. John, we read these words of our Lord's Prayer to His Father in Heaven: "That they (the men which Thou gavest me out of the world, i.e., Christians) may be one as we are;" that is, united into "The Church, which is His body," (Ephesians 1:22 and 23). And in the first chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians are these clear and earnest words of St. Paul: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all SPEAK the SAME THING, and THAT THERE BE NO DIVISIONS AMONG YOU; but that ye be PERFECTLY JOINED TOGETHER IN THE SAME MIND, and in the same judgment."

A. W. MANN.

## Invention for Telegraph Operators.

It is a latent signal transmitter called the teleseme. In all former means of communication of this kind the moment the signal was operated at one stand it was transmitted to the second or receiving stand. Such was the case with the telephone, and telegraph, and push button, and railway signals, etc. This made it necessary that there should be some person or instrument at the receiving stand to receive the signals at the instant they were operated, or else the sending operator would have to wait until the receiving operator was at the receiving stand, and also, the receiving operator would have to leave whatever he was at to keep the operator at the sending stand from waiting. Now the principle of this latent signal is that instead of being transmitted immediately, it remains locked up, set or stored at the receiving stand and subject to the control of the receiving operator, after it has been set or prepared by sender. In other words, it is a sort of combination of telegraph and phonograph.—Chicago Journal.

## A Great Treasure Vault.

An official of the Treasury Department recently took me on a tour of observations down in the cellar of the immense building where Uncle Sam will shortly deposit his millions. Directly under the cash room of the United States Treasurer's office, a space about forty by thirty feet has been cleared. Although even now it is surrounded with solid masonry, save only the doors and windows, it will be made so secure that there will remain not the slightest probability that any stray burglar will get a chance at the treasure. The contract with the government calls for a burglar and fire-proof place for deposit. The entire walls and ceiling will be sheath-

ed with solid steel, and the floor, which is at least twenty feet below the level of the adjoining streets, will be laid in cement or asphalt. The entire cost of this vault will be \$40,000, and it is there where the immense amount of gold and silver coin which the government is obliged by necessity to keep on hand will be stored, awaiting the order of payment to individuals and corporations as they are entitled to it. Just beyond I saw three young colored girls at work on a large pile of waste paper. They took each scrap over carefully, and appeared to be very busy. I was informed by my guide that these girls examined all the waste paper in the Treasury Department. They sat there day in and day out, looking for valuable papers which have escaped the eye of the usually vigilant officials in the offices above. Frequently they find paper of inestimable value.

## What They Were There For.

When Thomas T. Crittenden was to be inaugurated as governor of Missouri, the senate chamber was, of course, crowded with people. Mr. Brokmeyer was in the chair. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, expectation among the spectators was at its height. Just as the hands of the clock indicated the hour, the doors of the senate chamber swung open and a pompous doorkeeper, in a deep voice announced: "Mr. President, the Governor of Missouri approaches!"

Lieutenant Governor Brokmeyer looked up lazily from the piece of paper on which he had been scribbling. "Vell, let him come right along," said he. "Dat's what we're here for." The roars of laughter that greeted this announcement somewhat interfered with the solemnity of the occasion.—New York Tribune.

## EIGHTH SEASON Grand Festival and Games

OF THE Catholic Literary & Benevolent Union (of Deaf-Mutes)



Thursday, June 28, 1888, AT HARLEM RIVER PARK 127th Street and 2d Avenue.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 25 cents each.

## PROGRAMME.

75 yards run (handicap) Open to all.  
440 yards run (handicap) Open to deaf-mutes only.  
One-half mile run Open to all.  
One mile walk Open to all.  
Tug of War (team of four—not to exceed 600 lbs.) Open to all deaf-mutes of the United States.  
Five mile race Open to deaf-mutes only.

Handsome gold and silver medals will be presented to the winners (first and second) in each event, excepting the Tug of War. A valuable pin will be presented to each of the winning team.

Entrance fee for each event, 50 cents. Tug of War, \$3 a team.  
Entries close June 15th. To be sent by Registered letter or Post-office money to either John F. O'Brien, 207 Lexington Avenue, New York City, or John Lloyd Jr., 224 Third Avenue, Harlem, New York City.

The Union will put forth every effort to make the event eclipse any of a like nature ever held heretofore, and no expense or pains will be spared by the Committee of Arrangements to further this end.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.  
THOS. W. BROWN, Chairman.  
WM. SLATTERY, JOHN McNALLY,  
JNO. LLOYD JR., JNO. F. O'BRIEN

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HAS REMOVED TO NEW STORE,

223 GREENWICH ST., cor. BARCLAY ST.

NEW YORK.

Elevated R. R. station at door. One block below old stand, where, with additional space, increased facilities and an entirely new stock, he is enabled to offer at the lowest cash prices.

## WATCHES

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Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds done on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

## BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 108 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry Le-Jubring, Pres't; Jacob Swartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Batallay, 2d Vice-President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; Thos. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. A. Bond, No. 128 Conelysa Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Gray; Vice-President, Moses L. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the School Building of St. Michael's Church, on West 33d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, N. Y.

## CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shanks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

## CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P. M. Visitors are cordially welcomed. The President is Arline Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

## CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, between Chestnut Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st and 3rd of December, 1st of March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement of its members, and the advancement of the deaf-mute cause. Mr. Wm. Miles is President, Wm. G. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing to the deaf-mute cause, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to Samuel Frankenhelm, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

## DE L'EPPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1220 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

## EASTON ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

Meets every Thursday evening at 220 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P. M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Elmer Will, President, 208 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. L. Pach, Secretary, Address, 220 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

## GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clergymen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Robert Bockwary, Vice-President; A. W. Orsutt, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

## GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and also holds officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows: Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

## PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and their friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." The officers are: C. C. Codman, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhaus, Secretary; and C. L. Buchanan, Treasurer. Secretary's address is 853 N. Clark St.

## (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings at 319 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purpose of the club is principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Seftord; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. S. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 3020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE EPHPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Ephphatha Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers takes place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at \$1.00 a seat, by applying to the President, or to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Krause; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Russell; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley; Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Magee and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Ephphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-Arms. A Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, 138 Fort Hill Square, Boston, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Tolson, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for New York; John F. Doolilly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

### THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY OF MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 33, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 3 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine service, every Sunday, and prayer meetings every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Hardy P. Chapman, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION, OF BOSTON.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. It holds services in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P. M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Eppee C. D. M. A., has the same rules and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeil, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christians in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Secretary; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at 58 East Seventy street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; Julia F. Ashley, Secretary; George Dehler, Treasurer; F. Klages, Sergeant-at-Arms. Business meetings or lectures and story telling may be held on any week evening by a vote. Deaf-mutes of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 1116 Reaney St., care J. C. Austin, St. Paul, Minn.

### THE DE HAERNE ASSOCIATION, OF BALTIMORE.

This Association has for its object the spiritual and temporal advancement of its members. Like the De l'Eppee Association, at the officers the advantages of a real beneficent association. Only Catholics can be admitted into it. For further particulars, apply to the President. The officers are: Supreme Spiritual Director, Rev. E. V. Lebreton, R. H. S. of Philadelphia; President pro tem, Mr. P. Moylan, 1015 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.

## WESTERN PENNA. DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 98 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## 100 AGENTS WANTED.

Price 25 Cents. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE REV. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first great Educator of the Deaf in America

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887. A biographical sketch of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. SYLE, M. A., with numerous illustrations engraved by WM. R. CULLINGWORTH—32 pages—36 engravings.

This is not a reprint of the "Retrospect" but an ENTIRELY NEW WORK, written expressly for the occasion. The illustrations are an attractive and valuable feature. Several of them are from photographs taken expressly for this work and representing subjects never before published. These are marked with the following:

As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait, of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia F. Gallaudet, Rev. Dr. Chas. St. Ann's Church, New York; Gallaudet, Th. D. S. D., Dr. Massey F. Cogswell, M. D., two portraits, Alice Cogswell, Mr. L. H. Signorrey, "The Abbe de l'Eppee," "The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes," "Columbia Institution, 1887—the Kendall Cottage, Chapel of National Deaf-Mute College, interior view, Silver Pitcher and Bowl, presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Cler, Bas-relief on Gallaudet monument.

THE PORTRAIT AND AUTO